

Chateau Frontenac

The Pepperell Sheet



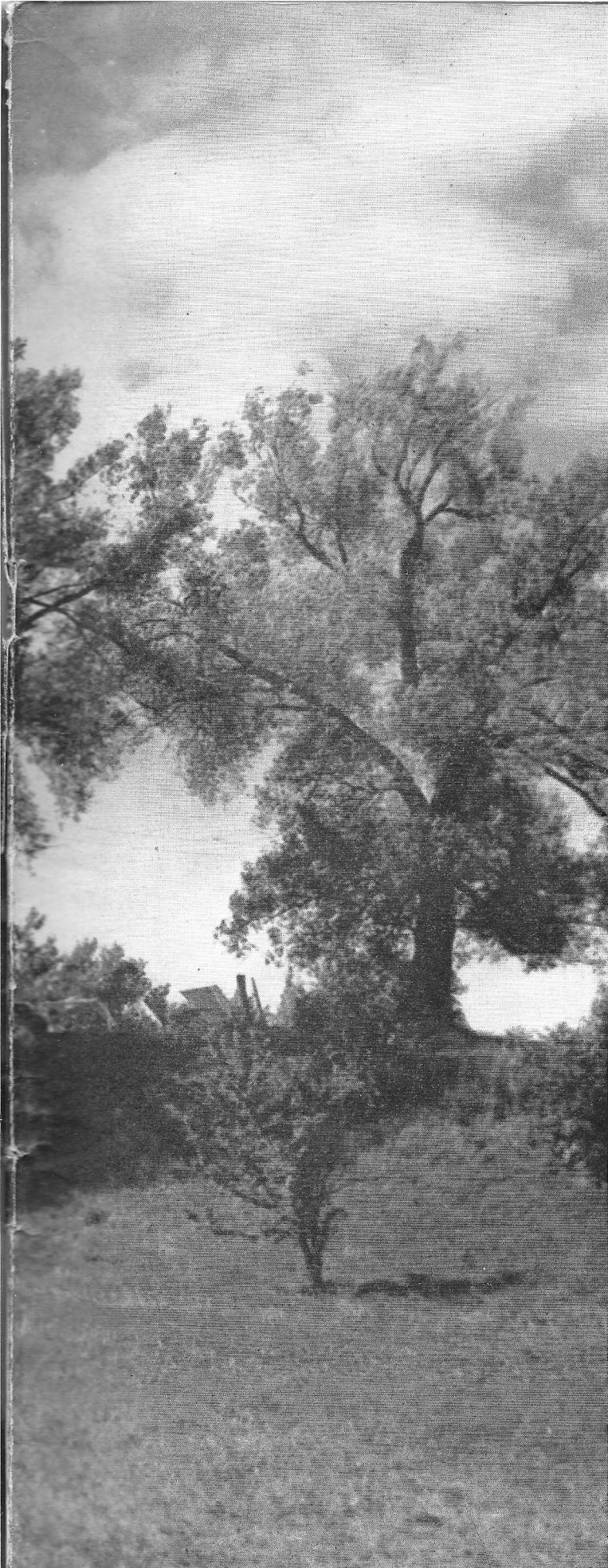
OCTOBER 1946

Special Edition

Province of Quebec



A typical old French farm house on romantic Ile d'Orleans. Only a few miles from Quebec City, this island in the St. Lawrence



changed very little since the earliest days of French Canada.

A nos employés canadiens-français

Le présent numéro de "Pepperell Sheet," consacré au Québec, est dédié aux nombreux employés de la Pepperell qui en sont originaires ou dont les ancêtres sont venus du Canada français.

Des ouvriers de presque tous les pays du monde ont mis à la disposition de notre vaste entreprise leurs talents et leurs énergies, mais nul d'entre eux n'a joué un rôle plus important dans l'histoire de notre industrie que les Canadiens-Français, et, croyons-nous, ç'a été pour la Pepperell une singulière bonne fortune. De plus, la loyauté constante des employés canadiens-français pour la Pepperell, durant toutes ces années, démontre bien qu'ils ont trouvé chez nous de bons emplois et une existence heureuse, ce qui les a portés à faire de ce pays leur patrie d'adoption.

Nous avons le ferme espoir que ces photographies de votre splendide pays d'origine vous plairont autant qu'à nous qui les avons admirées. Nous vous prions d'accepter ce geste comme un gage de la sincère reconnaissance et de l'admiration que vous garde la Pepperell.

David S. Cook
Mill Manager

This special Quebec edition of the Pepperell Sheet is published as a tribute of appreciation to the many men and women of Pepperell who have come, or whose parents and ancestors have come, from French Canada. In later issues of the Sheet we shall pay tribute to the other national groups who have also contributed their great talents and energy to the making of Pepperell history.

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY—Mills at Biddeford, Maine; Lewiston, Maine; Fall River, Mass.; Lindale, Ga., and Opelika, Ala. Executive Offices, 160 State St., Boston. General Sales Offices, 40 Worth St., New York City.



La Province de Québec

IF you've recently visited the Province of Quebec, we hope these pictures will bring back pleasant memories of your trip. If you haven't been there, you'll see that you have a treat in store for you. Anyway, we think you'll enjoy the pictures. Perhaps you're one of the thousands of Pepperell people whose ancestors came from Quebec. And even if you're not, you'll want to see the land that means home to so many of your friends in Pepperell.

It would have been fine to include in this series all the home towns and relatives of Pepperell people in Canada. But that would have required many, many weeks, instead of the one week that was planned for the trip. So the only thing to do was lay out a certain route to Quebec and then visit as many people and places as could be found along the way. The addresses of relatives were just collected at random around the mills.

That route took the photographer through Coaticook to Sherbrooke, up Route 5 through Stoke Centre to Richmond, then across country through Asbestos to Ham-Nord, Ches-

terville and Victoriaville. But—some-
one may say—those are all English
names of towns. That's right, and
they were originally settled by English-speaking people. It's only in the
last hundred years that the French
people have moved down into lower
Quebec, just as they have moved still
farther down, to Biddeford, Lewiston
and Fall River. But there's no
doubt that it's French country now.
All you have to do is look at the
signs—"Gardez la droite," and the
billboards that invite you, "Prenez
un Coke—Ca ravigote."

Cutting across to Route 1, the photog-
rapher stopped in Garthby, Dis-
raeli, Coleraine, Black Lake, Thet-
ford Mines and East Broughton, be-
fore arriving at the lovely fertile val-
ley of the Chaudiere River that was
named for the most beautiful county
in France—La Beauce. From there on
the French settlements are old ones,
and the lovely names are like a litany
—Ste. Marie, St. Joseph, Ste. Mar-
guerite, St. Bernard, St. Lambert, and
so on into Quebec City. The photog-
rapher still cast longing eyes toward
Montreal, Trois Rivieres, and even

north along the St. Lawrence to Riv-
iere du Loup, because Pepperell peo-
ple come from all those places, in fact
from almost every town in French
Canada. But there just wasn't time
to cover them all in one trip. So if
you don't find pictures here of your
own home town, we hope you'll under-
stand.

It was amazing to find how well
Pepperell was known all through the
Province. So many people knew all
about the mills from their friends and
relatives' letters, and others had vis-
ited us here, or even worked in our
mills before going back to retire. No
Pepperell person need ever feel like
a stranger traveling through the Prov-
ince of Quebec. He's among friends!

Roadside
scene on
the Ile
d'Orleans



Parents of fifteen children are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gregoire of Beauceville. Working for Pepperell is an old family custom, and present representatives now at the Lewiston plant are Jeanne Poulin, Catherine Belisle and Jacqueline Gregoire.



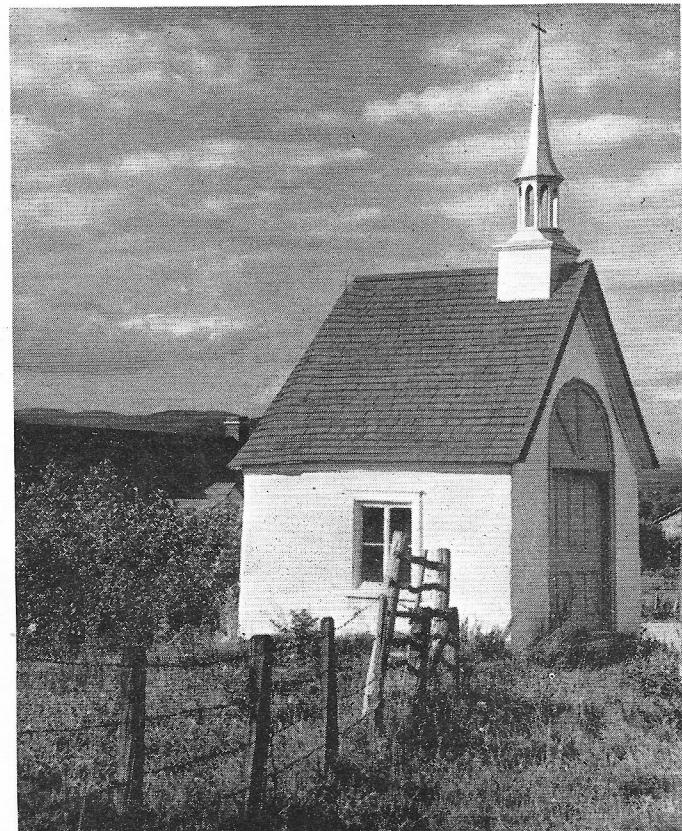


Bright flowers against old whitewashed stone houses delight tourists along the winding roads of l'ile d'Orleans.

Mme. Louis Bernard chats over the railing of her porch at St. Bernard. Her brother is Esdras Valliere of 13-1, Biddeford.



Typical of old Quebec are the lovely and devotional roadside shrines like this one at Ste. Famille, Ile d'Orleans.





Harvest time, and everyone turns out to help. This merry group were singing when the photographer stopped.

The beautiful spires of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste at Sherbrooke can be seen for many miles around the big city.

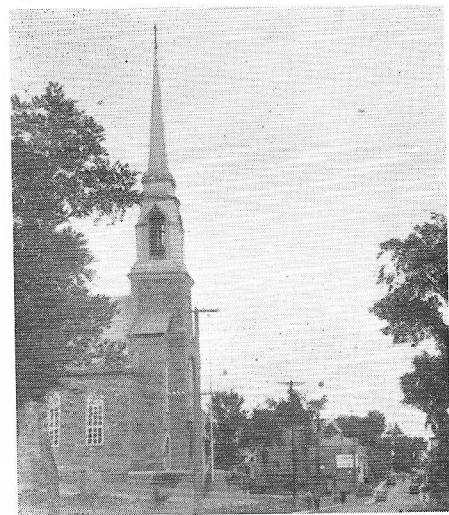


This little girl was having trouble training the big dog to pull her cart. Little brother just went along for the ride.

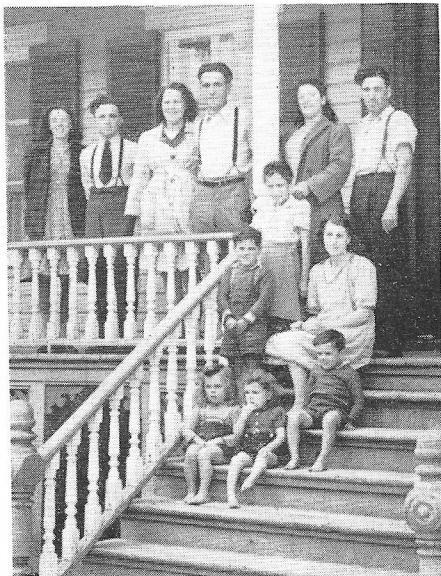




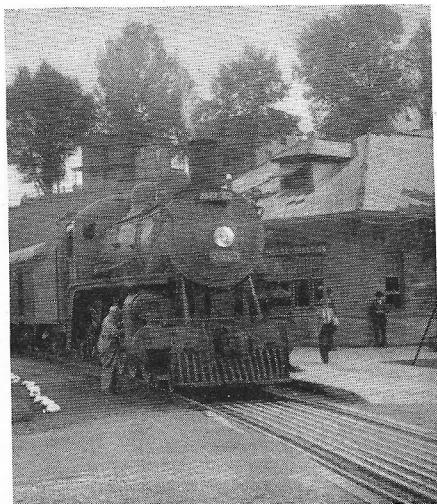
Daily Double, Quebec style, and no time out for anything like pictures.



The church at St. Joseph, one of the oldest settlements of Beauce County on the banks of the Chaudiere River.



Silvia Bergeron's aunt, Mme. Louis Betty of St. Bernard, and a few cousins. Silvia works at Biddeford.



Valley Junction is the biggest railroad center of the Beauce district.



Simonne Boulet now has a modern hairdressing shop in Beauceville.



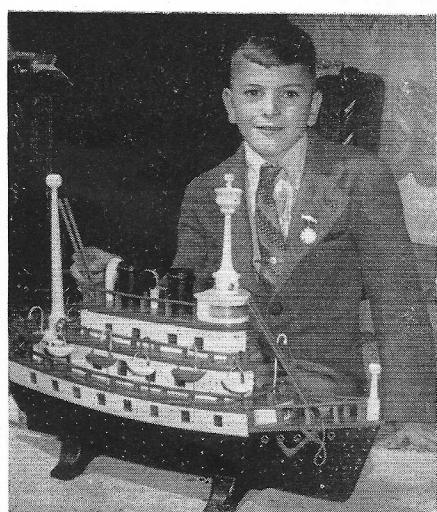
But Simonne's little girl Shirley misses the movies back in Lewiston.



Mme. Joseph Dube of Coaticook asks about her daughter Yvonne LeBlanc.



The Dube family. Lorida has visited her sister Yvonne in Lewiston.

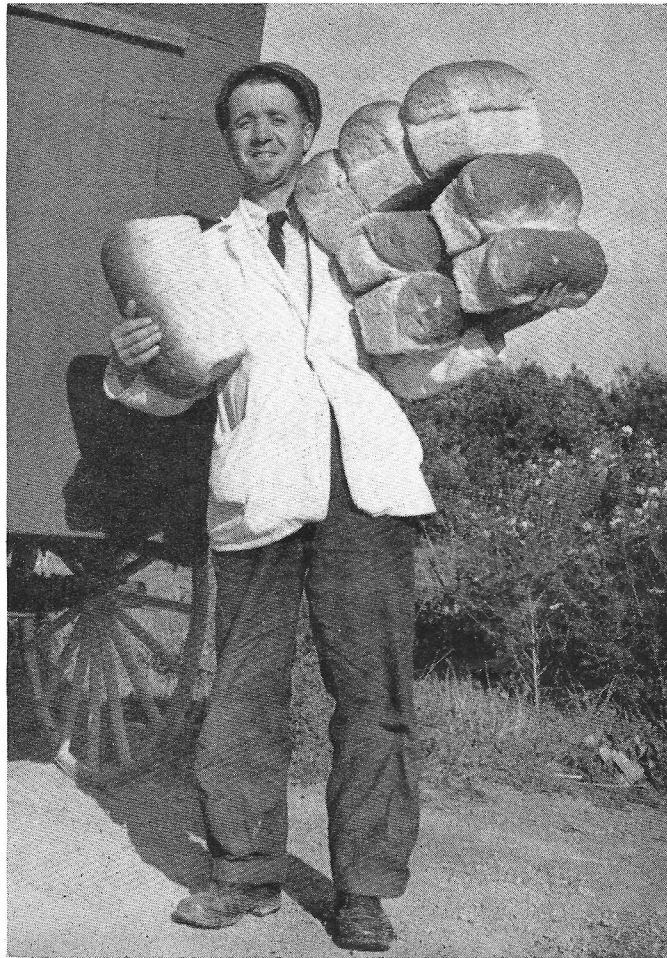


Maurice Dube is proud of the ship model that Yvonne's husband made.

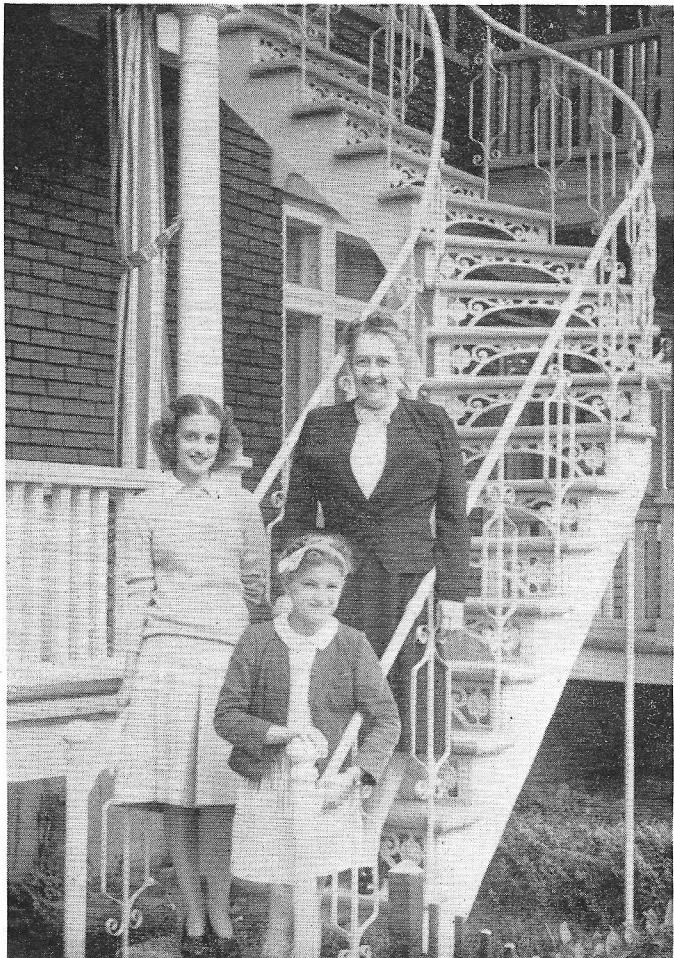
Terre de Nos Aieux

Gently curving roofs typify the old French houses, and new houses too follow the same tradition of beauty.



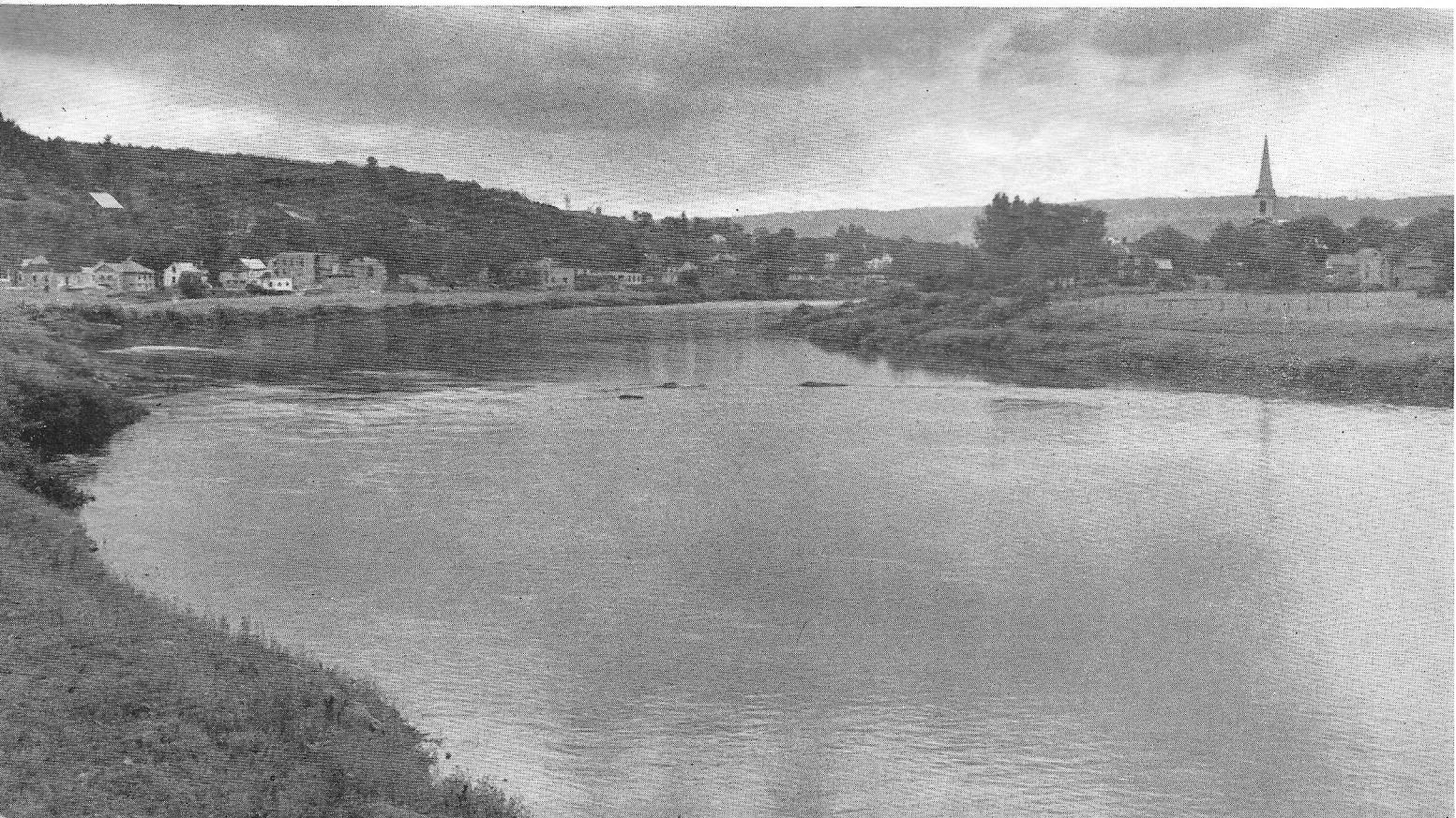


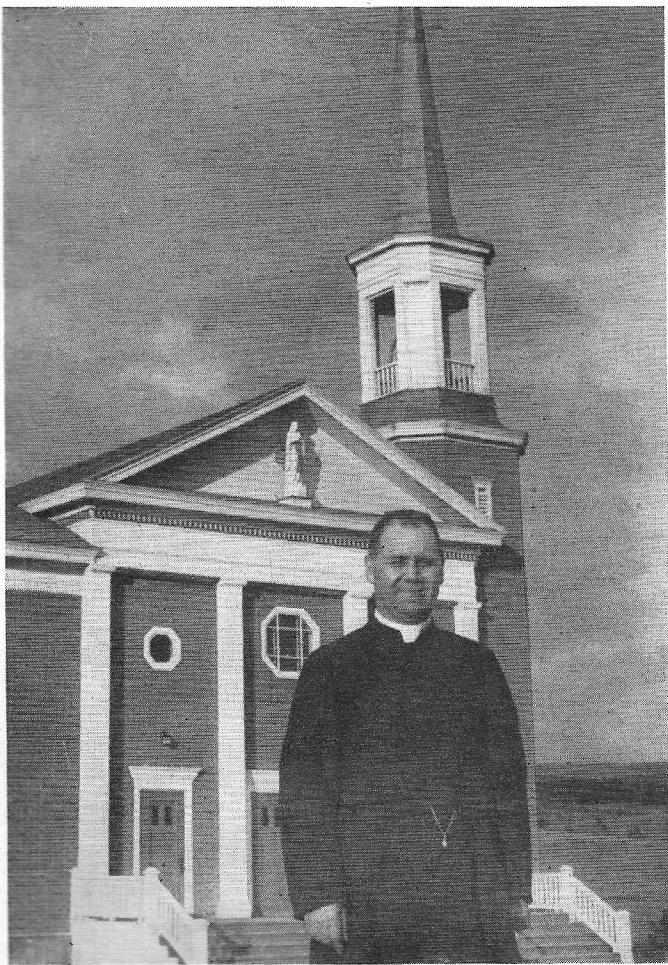
Big families of children need lots of bread, but this still seemed like a big supply to be delivering to just one house.



Gail Saucier of Fall River visits Mme. Wilfred Caron in Limoulou. Madeleine Caron is engaged to a Fall River man.

Beauceville on the Chaudiere River. Early settlers named La Beauce for the loveliest county in France.



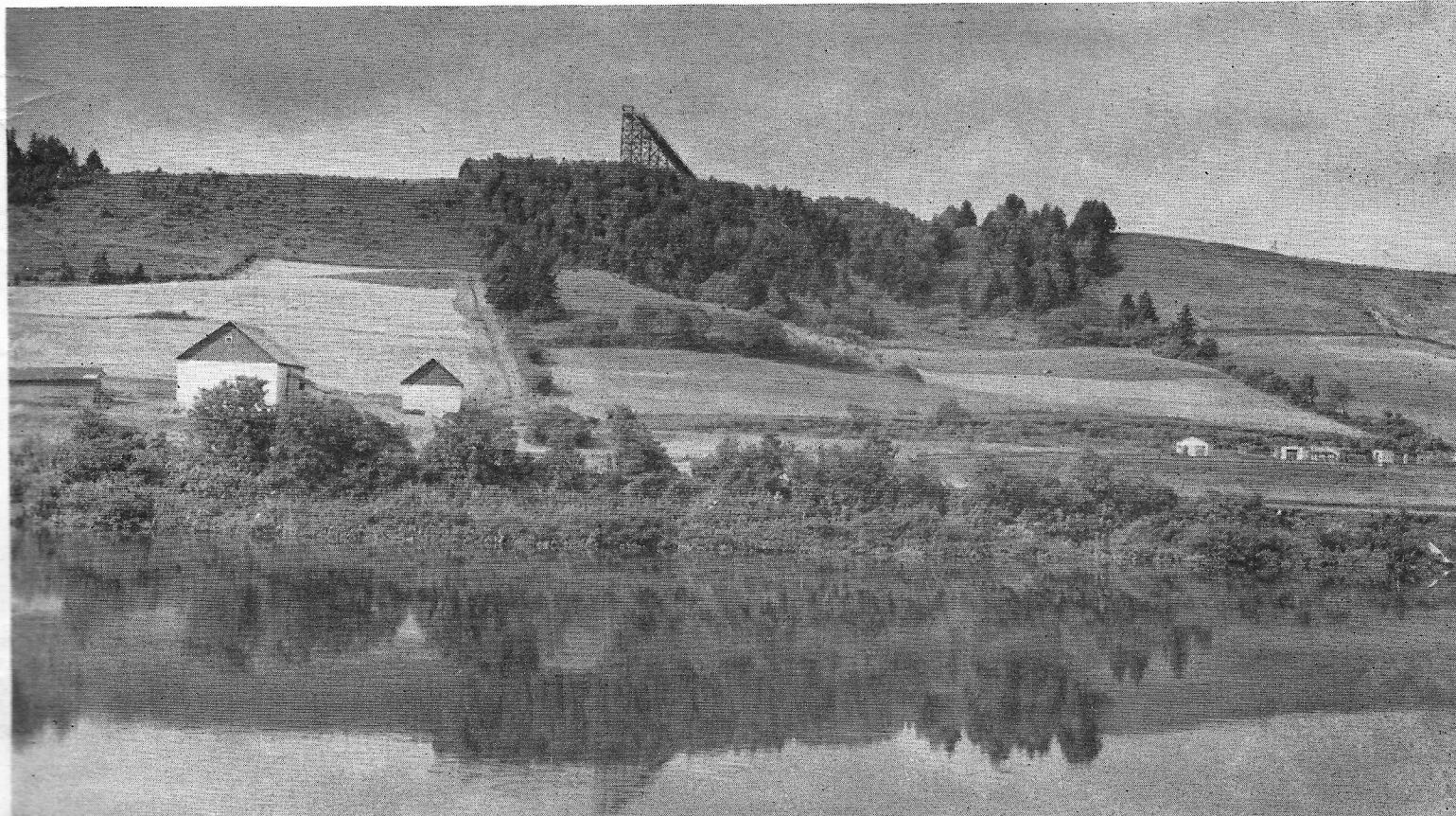


Father Arthur Tremblay of Notre Dame de Ham knows Biddeford, sent friendly messages to Msgrs. Laflamme and Decary.



Eveline Champagne, as blooming as the flowers in the garden at Coleraine. Rose Fortier of 11-3, Biddeford, is her aunt.

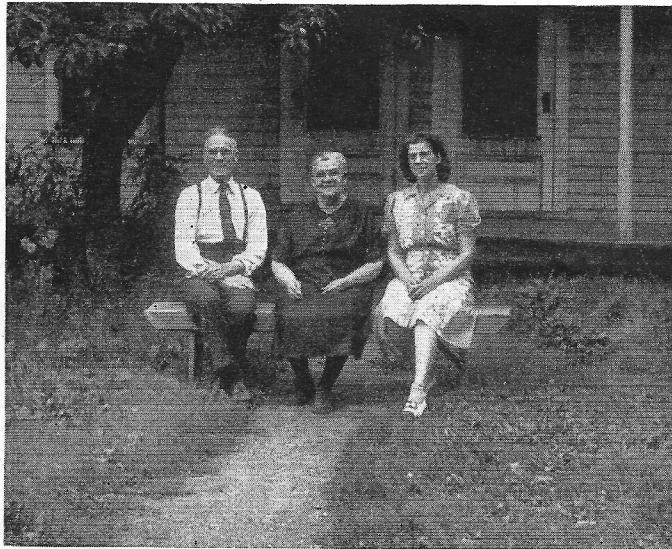
The ski jump across the river from Beause Junction. Ski enthusiasts from all over Canada gather here.





Bright faced children on the road from Beaucheville to St. Joseph said "Bon jour," gladly posed for a picture.

Beaux Jours d'Enfance



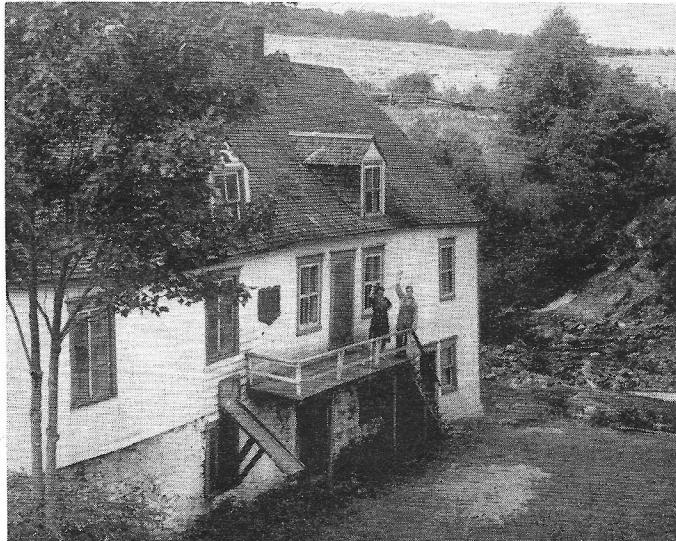
From Victoriaville to Biddeford—Adelard Bouffard and his wife and daughter sent their love to their niece Adrienne.



The family of Maurice Roux, personnel manager at Biddeford, came originally from the little town of St. Norbert.



Two hundred year old mill in St. Joseph still mills flour for all the parish. This is the owner, Joseph Pomerleau.



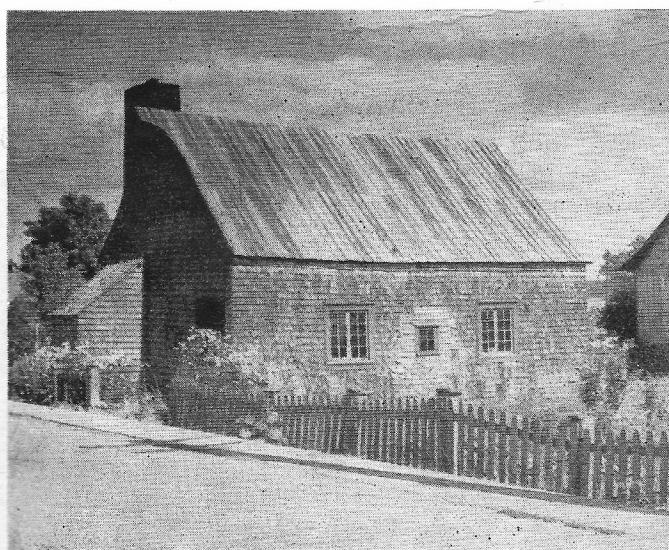
The miller and his wife wave good-bye. Plaque on the wall records the fact that the mill is an old historic landmark.



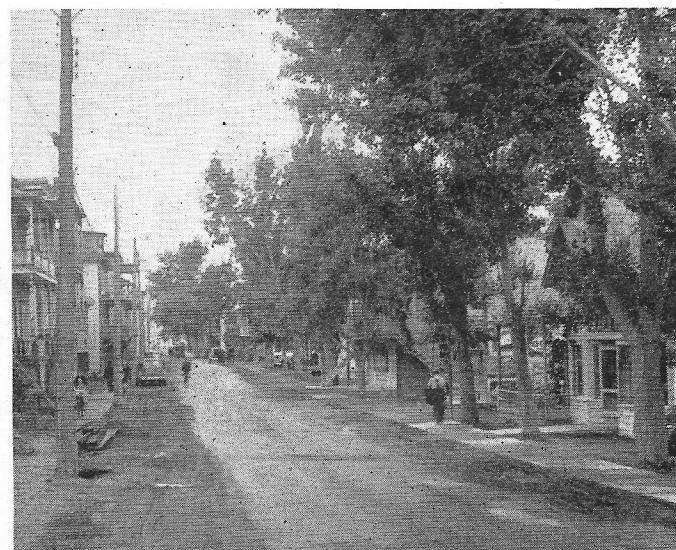
Approaching St. Joseph from Beauce Junction. The road runs along the green banks of the lovely Chaudiere River.



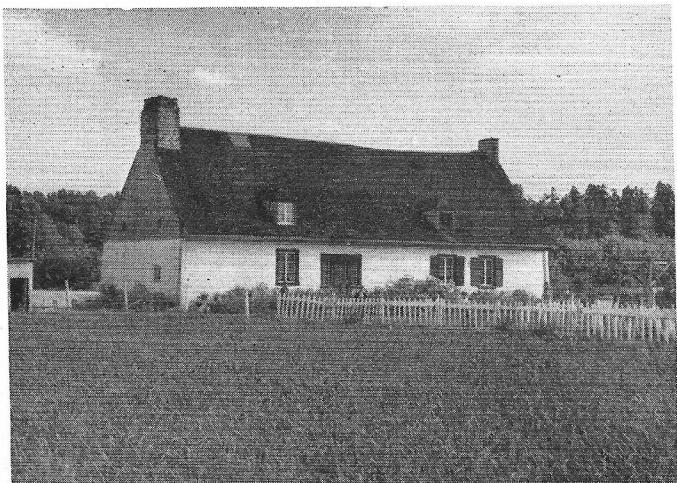
This well loaded dog cart was met just outside Thetford Mines, one of the world's biggest asbestos mining centers.



Weathered grey shingled house by the roadside on Ile d'Orleans makes visitors think of Cape Cod or Nantucket.



Black Lake on Route 1, one of the two big highways leading to Quebec. Many roads were under repair this summer.



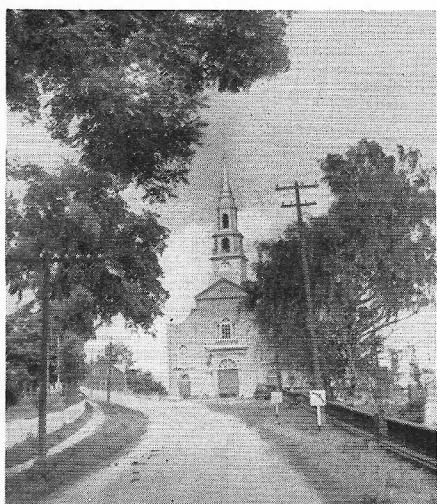
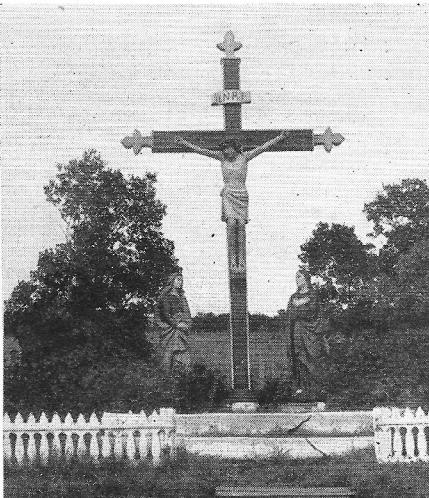
Camera fans traveling through the Province of Quebec all stop for a fine old house like this one on Ile d'Orleans.



Getting near Danville on Route 5. This is the second of the big highways that cross the Province north to south



Left, harvesting oats on the road to St. Joseph. You see modern tractors, but a lot of farm work is still done by hand. On the right, a wayside shrine.



Left, the old Church of St. Jean, Ile d'Orleans. Right, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rock of Sherbrooke. Their niece, Alice Bourgeau, is in 16-4, at Biddeford.



Some streets in Thetford Mines are gray with dust that filters from mountains of waste of big asbestos mines.



A two-wheel cart makes slow progress with its big load. Amid such peaceful scenes, city life seems very far away.

Toward evening the sun breaks through the clouds like a benediction on a country road not far from Wottonville.





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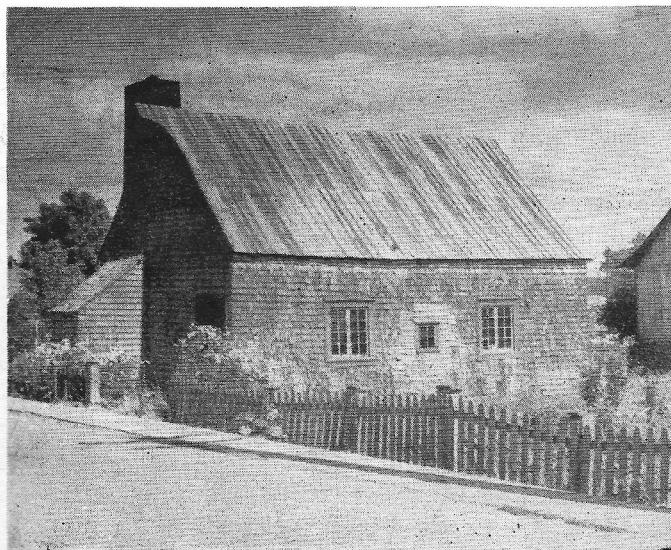
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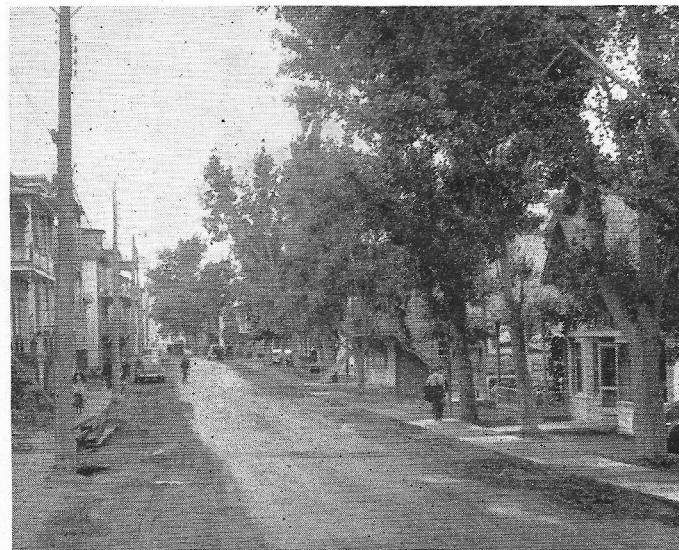
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Not far outside Quebec, these happy girls were digging onions, chatting, and minding the baby at the same time.



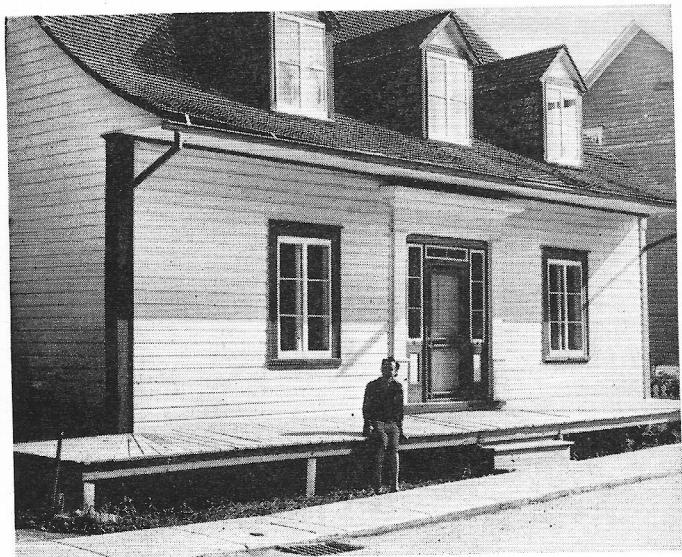
A weeping willow shades the lovely, peaceful cemetery beside the church at St. Norbert, not far from Victoriaville.



Many Pepperell people may recognize this street scene in St. Bernard—among them Rosario Goulet, Eleanor Drouin.



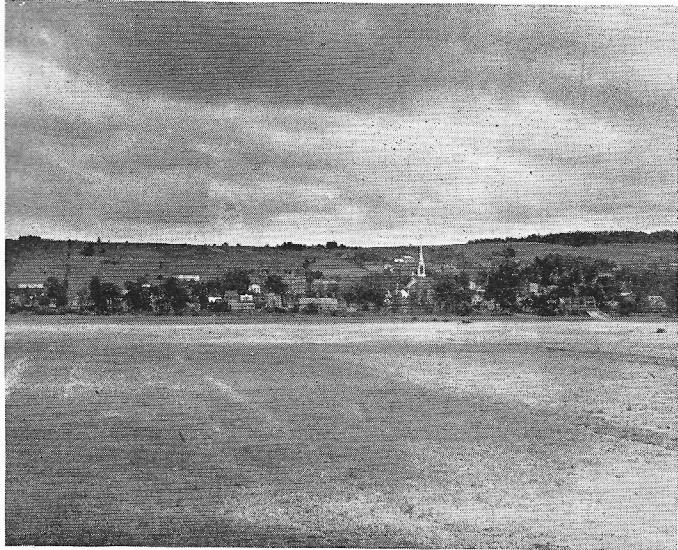
No one has to wonder what those big mines are that you see when you drive through Asbestos—the name tells the story.



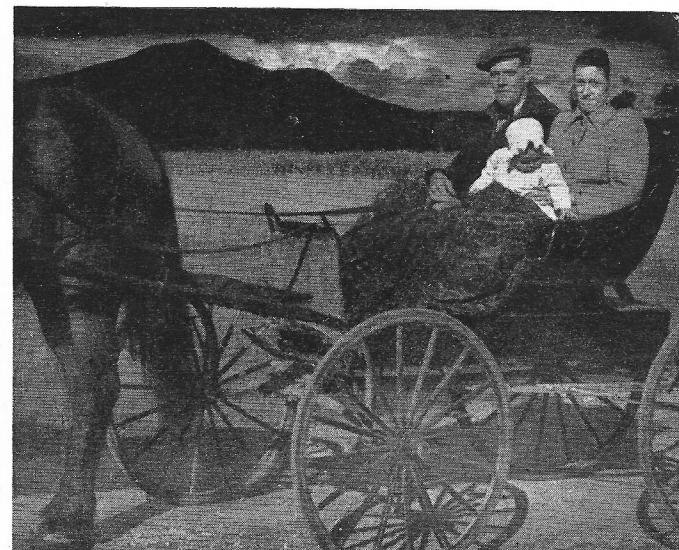
Mme. Anthoine Gregoire of St. Bernard in front of one of the newer houses that sticks to the old traditional style.



Big families means lots of washing. There's a good day's work represented on the porch of this house in Beauceville.



Across the broad fields on the other side of the Chaudiere River, the little town of St. Joseph in the Beauce Valley.



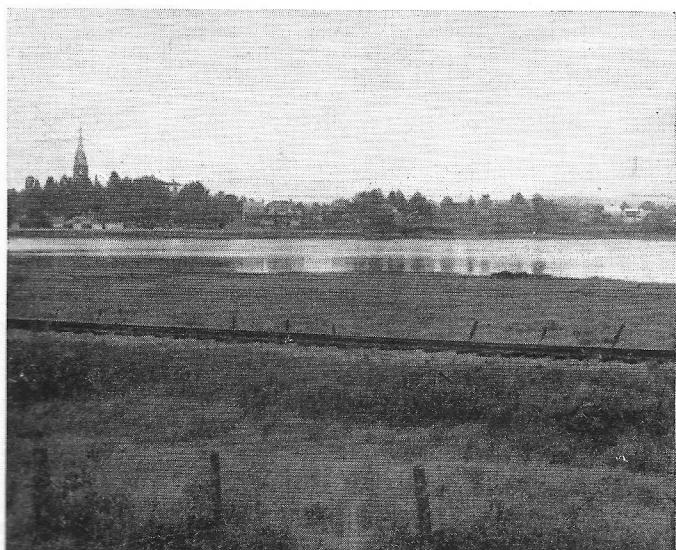
Night was coming on when the photographer stopped to ask directions from this little family group near Wottonville.



This is the railroad station at Richmond, where many Pepperell people get off when they go home for a vacation.



A lone bicyclist scurries to get home before the coming rain on Rue Notre Dame of lovely Ste. Marie de Beauce.



Disraeli is the old home of Valmor Lacoursiere of Lewiston. That's part of his family in the picture opposite.



M. and Mme. Alphonse Lacoursiere, Mme. Gerard Lacoursiere and children, with Brother Leonard who teaches at Levis.



There was determination as well as a welcoming smile on the face of this woman who was selling apples to tourists at a roadside stand on a quiet country road of Ile d'Orleans.

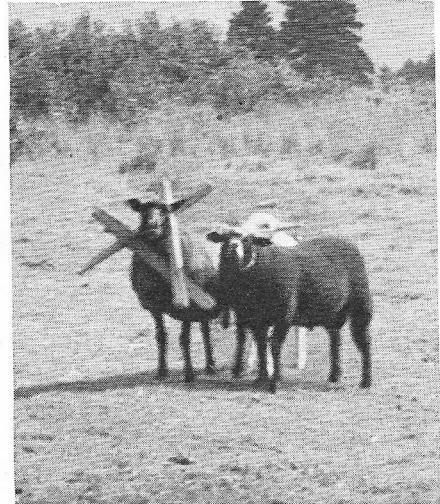
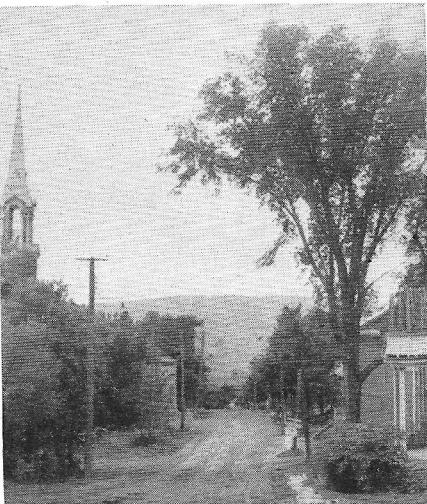
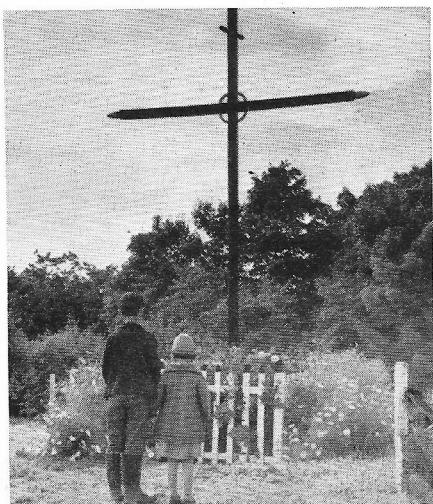


Louis Normand, Pepperell man who has retired to his old home in Chesterville, is over ninety years of age, but when the photographer called the little boy said, "Il est parti pour Arthabaska."

Children stop to pray at a simple wayside cross on Ile d'Orleans.

The road leading to Mr. Normand's pretty house in Chesterville.

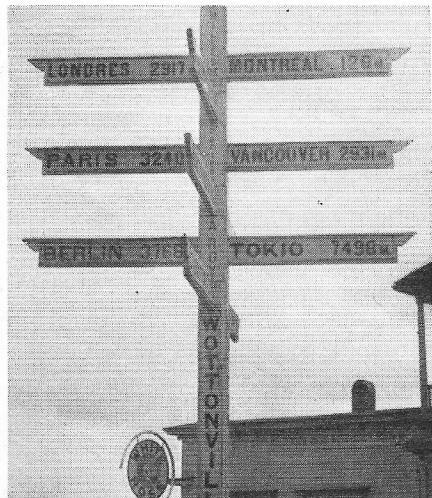
Yokes on sheep keep them from getting out through holes in fences.



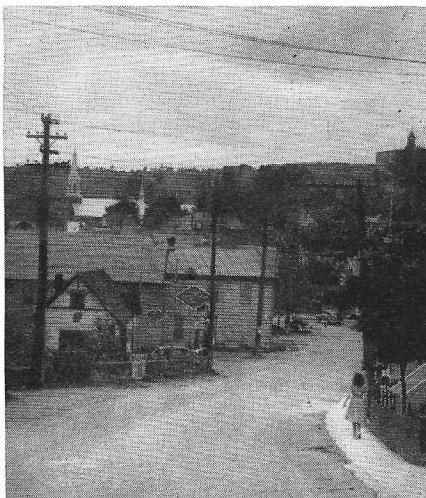


Manoir Mauvide Genest at St. Laurent, Ile d'Orleans. The old manor house was recently restored by the present owners.

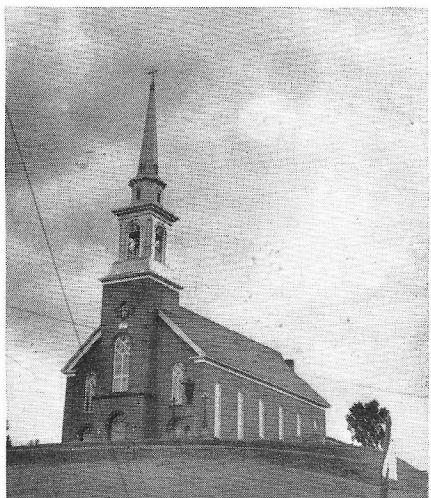
Doctor Aroy of Wottonville put up this signpost outside his house.



Looking down into the prosperous, thriving town of Beause Junction.



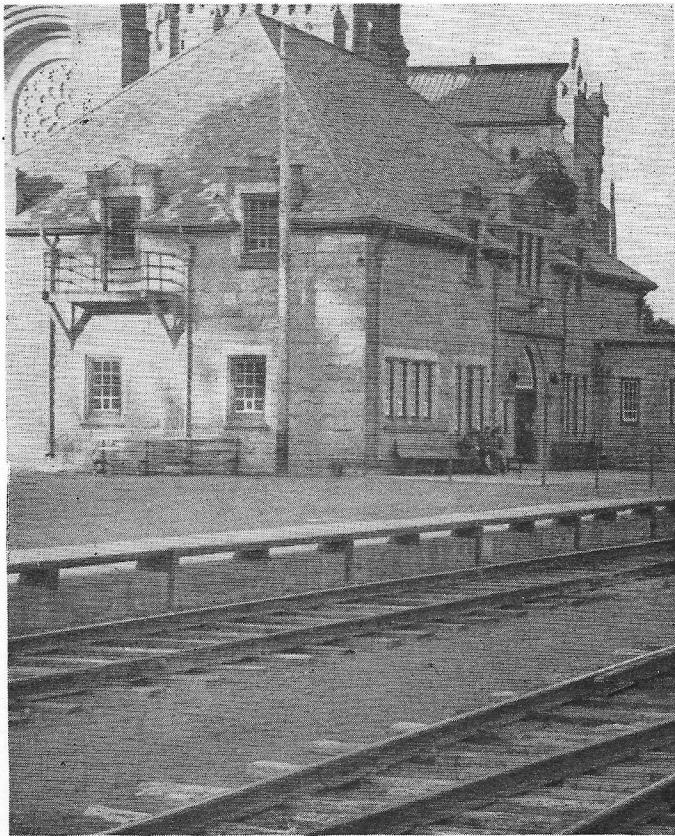
The church of St. Bibiane in Richmond can be seen for miles around.





A view of the famed Basilica, which every year attracts hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all over the world.

Sainte Anne de Beaupré

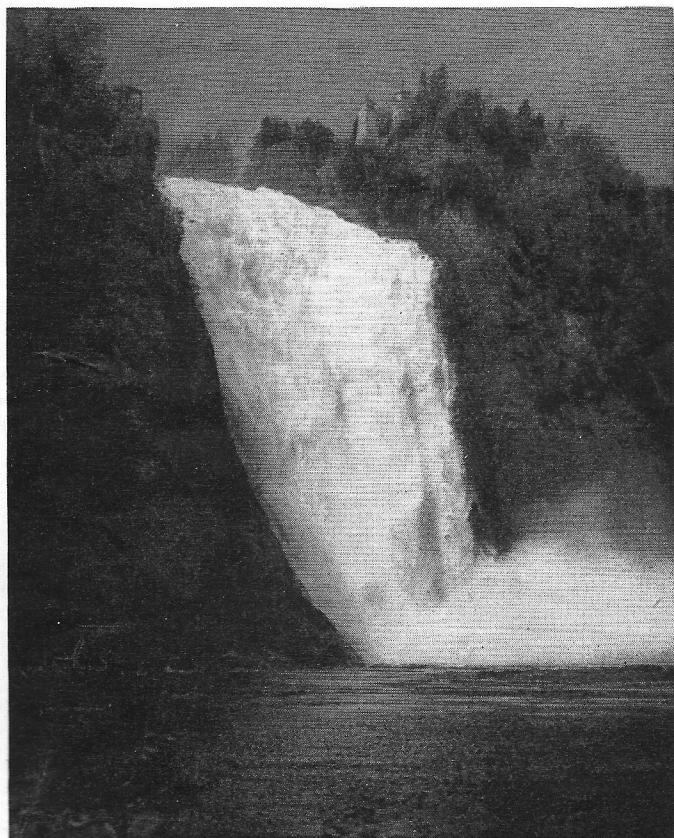


Only a short distance by train from the City of Quebec is the railroad station of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

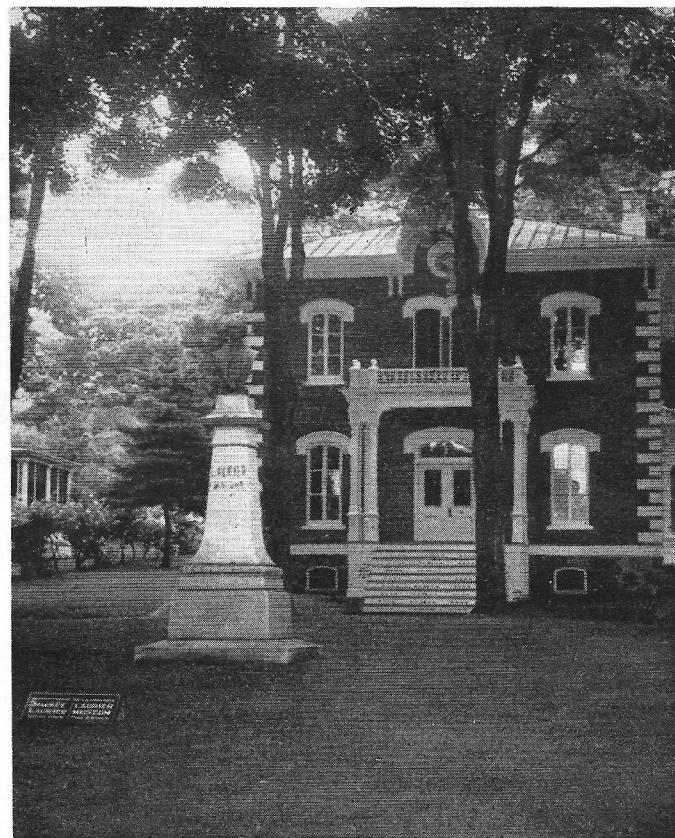


Everywhere along Quebec roads simple shrines like this remind travelers of the devout piety of the people.

The famous Montmorency Falls, discovered by Champlain, are 274 feet in height, 109 feet higher than Niagara.



The summer home at Arthabaska of Sir Wilfred Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada, now converted into a museum.

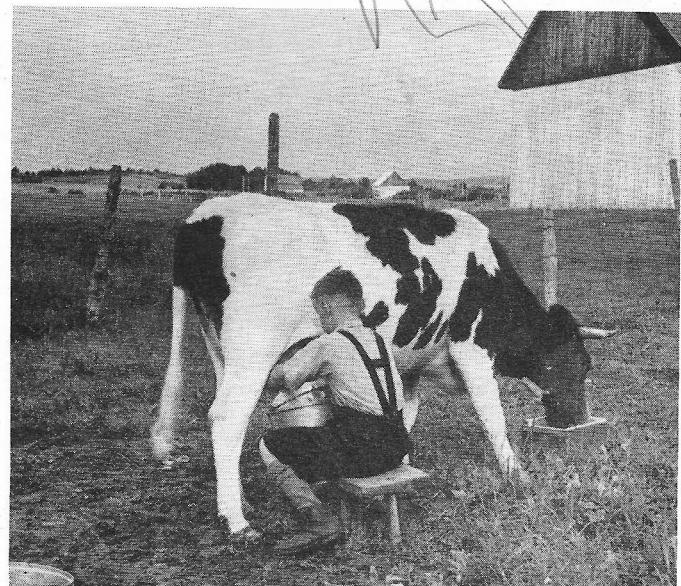




Enormous barns like this are typical of the farming sections of French Canada. This view was taken at St. Joseph.

Mrs. Yvonne Asselin and other relatives of Alphonse Martineau in Sherbrooke had just returned from Sunday Mass.

The little boy in St. Bernard had quite a time getting his cow to pose quietly for a picture, but food was the answer.



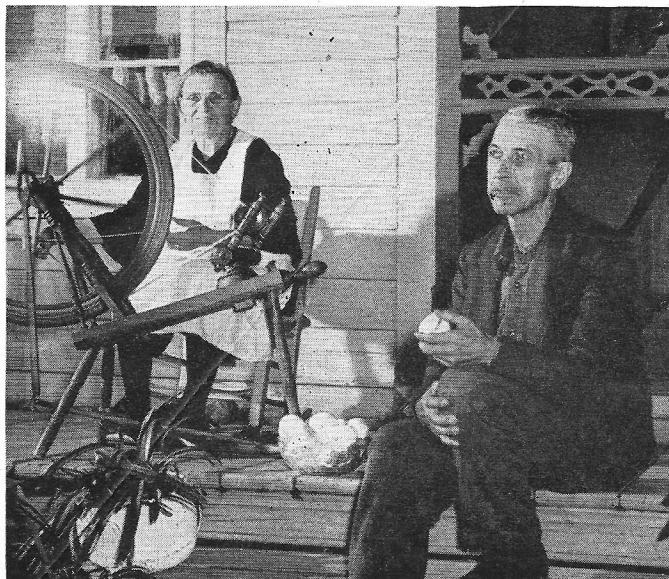


A huge field of oats for one man to mow, but he was doing fine when the photographer snapped him near St. Joseph.

The government encourages building houses in authentic old French style like this one on Rue Notre Dame, Ste. Marie.



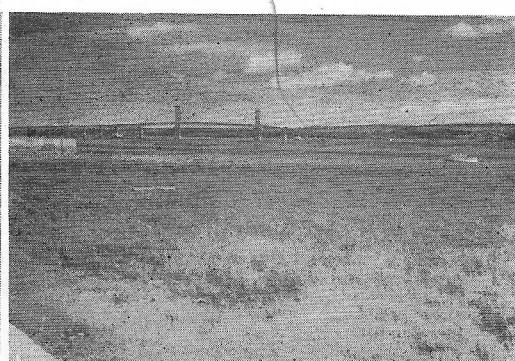
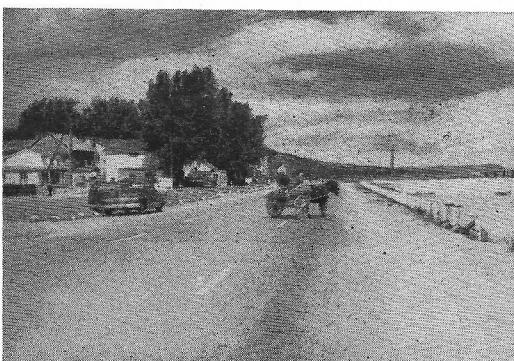
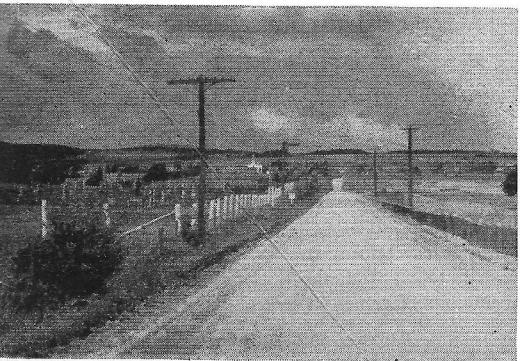
M. and Mme. Archille Fillion are cousins of Camille Garon. Old spinning wheels aren't just decorations in St. Bernard.



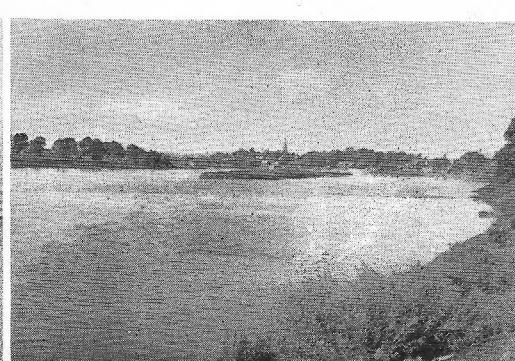
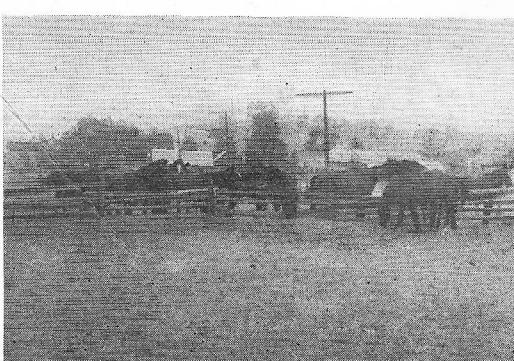


Calves are pretty much alike all over, but these were snapped outside Ham-Nord.

Beaux Paysages



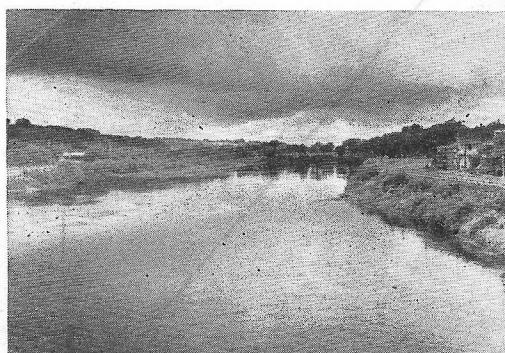
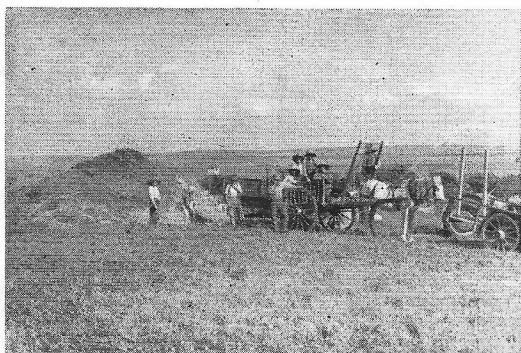
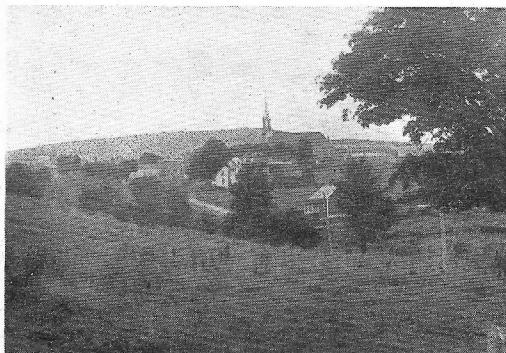
Left, the road to Ham-Nord. Center, l'ile d'Orleans. Right, the bridge which connects Ile d'Orleans with the mainland.



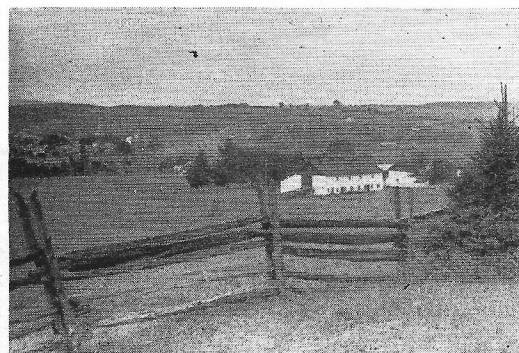
Left, down the river from Beause Junction. Center, horses near St. Norbert. Right, approaching Scott Junction.



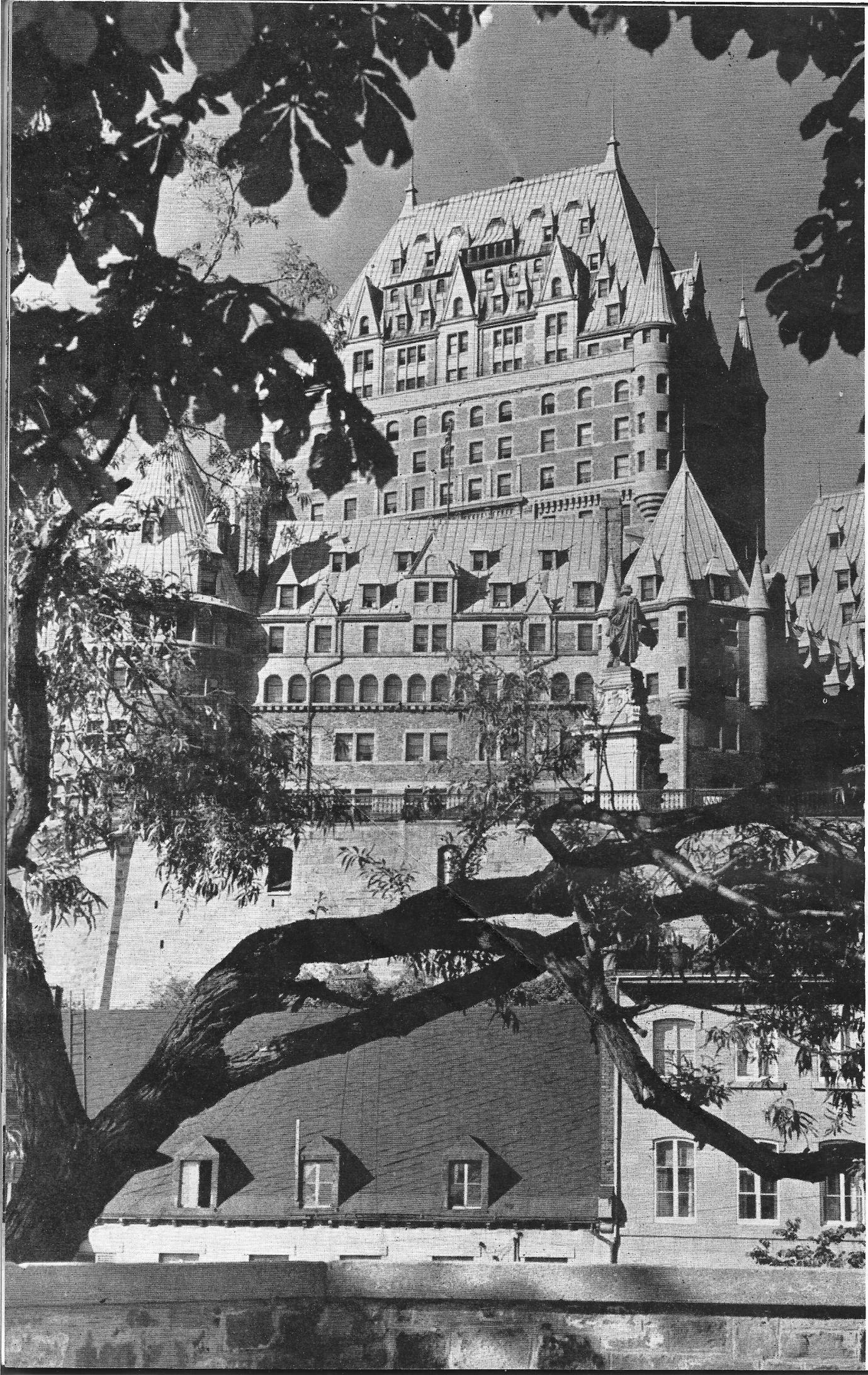
After a day of constant showers, there was a glorious sunset behind the black mountain near St. Camille.



Left, near Chesterville. Center, harvest time on l'Île d'Orléans. Right, up the river from the bridge at Sherbrooke.



Left and center, views of the lovely Beauce Valley near Beauce Junction. Right, a landscape near the town of Danville.

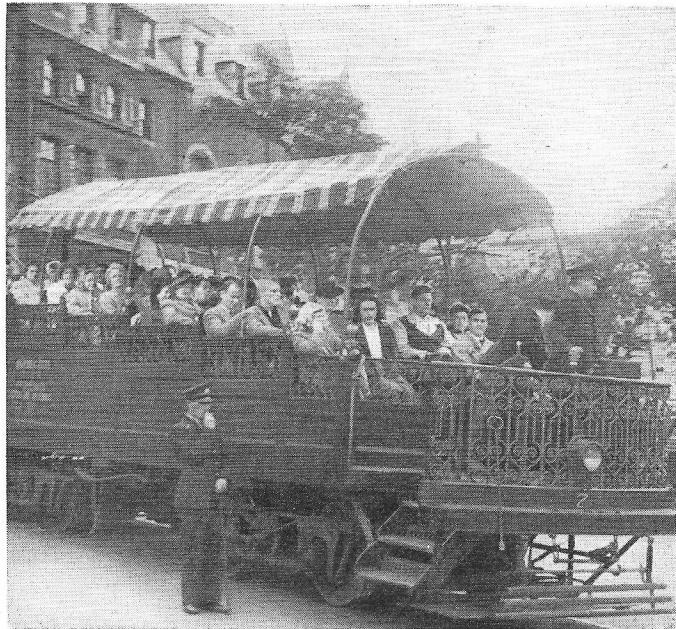


High above
the old city
stands the
world famed
Chateau.

La Ville de Québec



Every visitor to Quebec enjoys a stroll on Dufferin Terrace, overlooking the St. Lawrence River and lower town.



All aboard the camel car for a sightseeing tour of Quebec, up and down hills and around curves like a roller coaster.



The Ursuline Convent for girls is one of the oldest and finest educational institutions in all of North America.



For a few cents the ferry takes you across the St. Lawrence River to the town of Levis on the opposite shore.

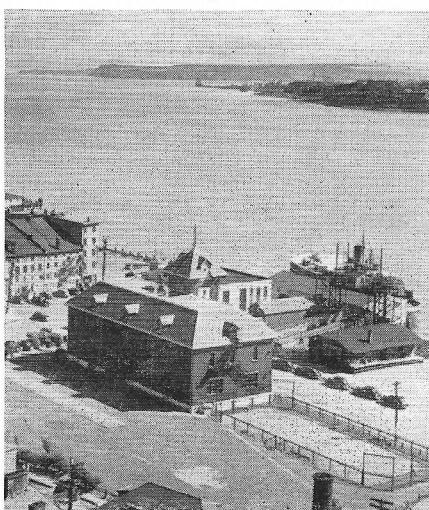
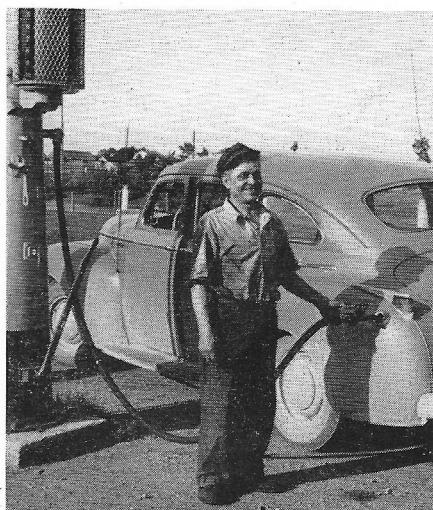


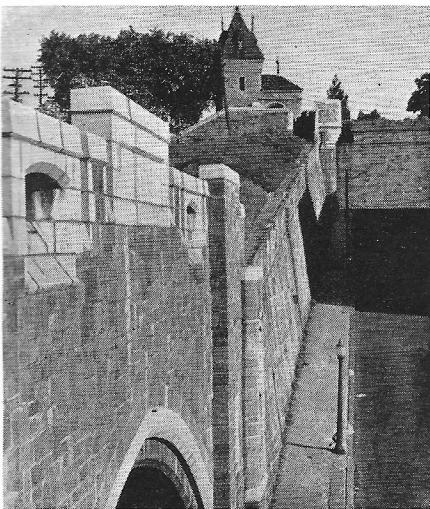
The sound of horses' hooves mingles with the music of church bells at the Chapel by the Citadel, Quebec City. There is a real old world atmosphere in the horse drawn carriages, which are all over the city, their drivers clamoring for fares.

Edmond Morin has three sisters-in-law at Biddeford, Zenaide Boucher, Eugenie Vir and Dorothee Gregoire.

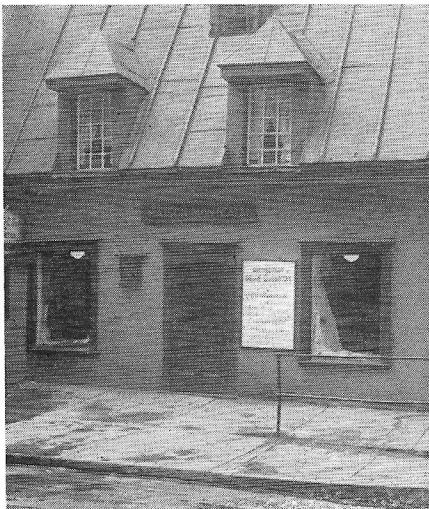
The ferry landing in the lower town is a busy place, but looks quiet from the terrace of the Chateau.

Statue honoring the memory of Mere Marie of the Ursulines stands at the entrance to the old Convent.





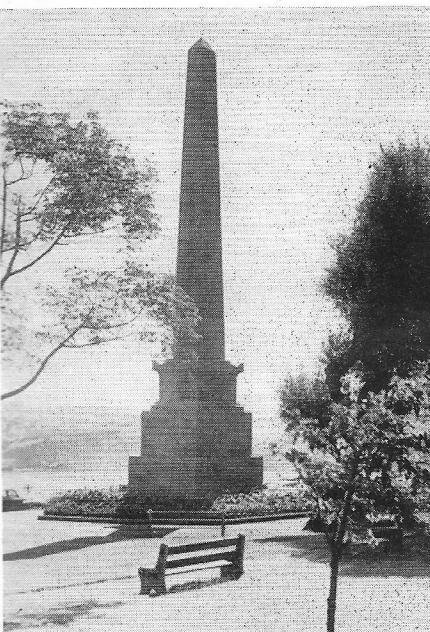
The view from St. John's to Kent's Gate, like many scenes in Quebec, looks just like a bit of old France.



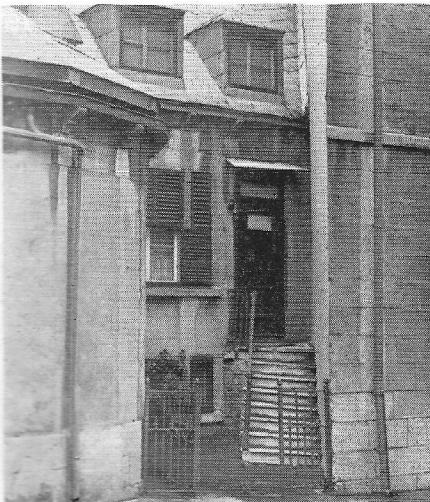
Maison Montcalm, claimed to be the oldest house in Quebec, named for the hero who died defending Quebec.



Mme. Dulac, the sister of Adolphe Gagnon of Biddeford, lives in a modern apartment house in Quebec.

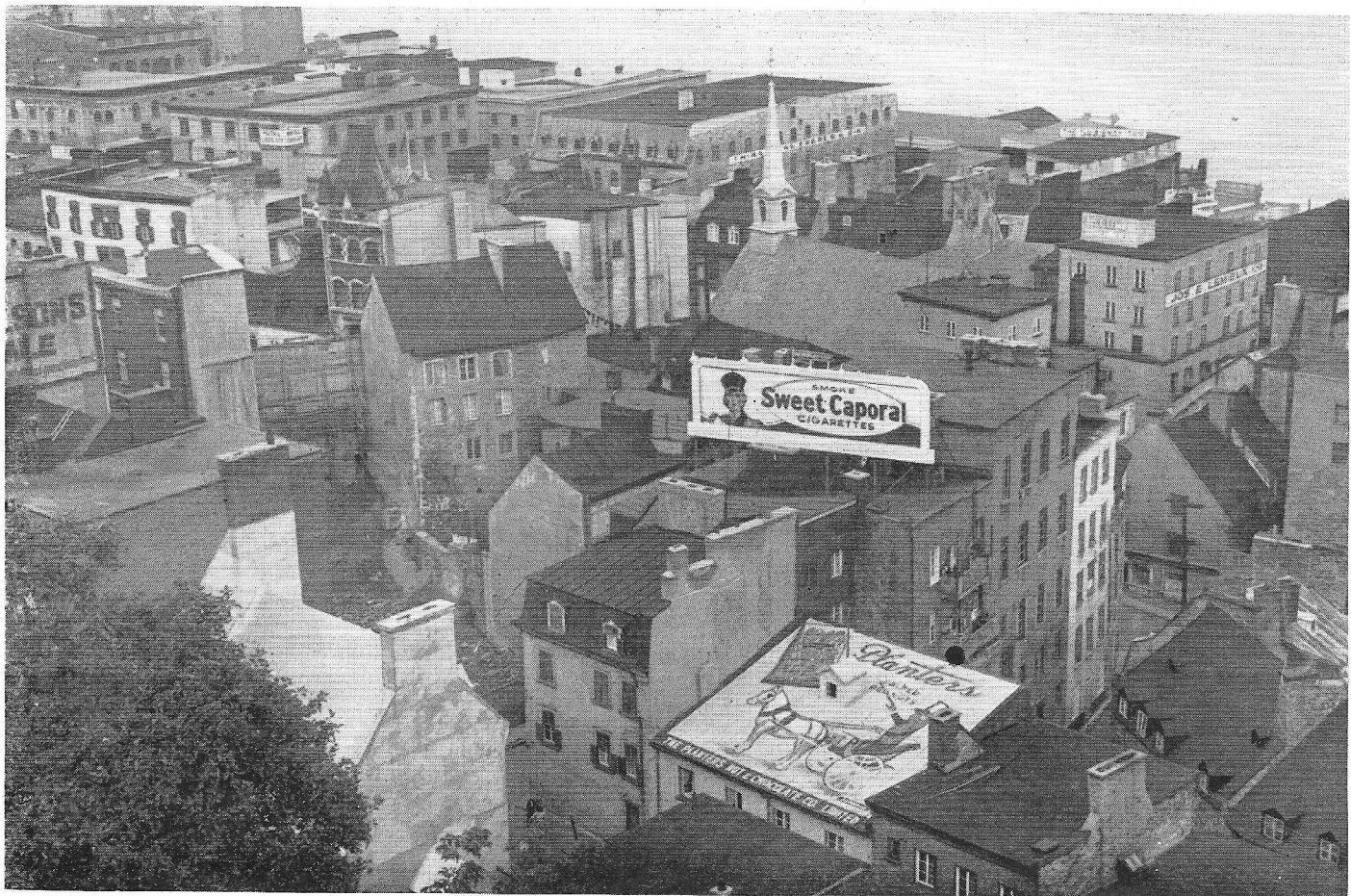


The Wolfe-Montcalm monument, erected in memory of the two opposing generals. Below, an old city house.



Soeur St. Pierre Joseph and Soeur St. Malachie of the Congregation de Ste. Chretienne walking in Quebec City. When the photographer mentioned Biddeford, they said they knew Msgr. Laflamme.



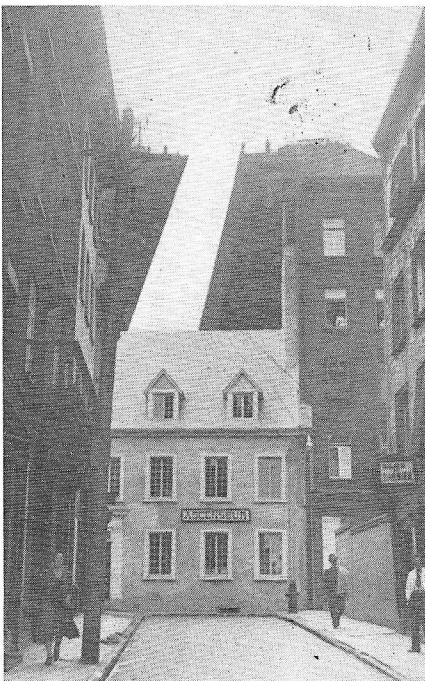


All day long curious and admiring tourists lean over the railings of Dufferin Terrace in front of the Chateau to gaze down on the busy life of the lower city. Advertisements for their attention are painted on rooftops.

Pictures never do justice to the old church of Notre Dame des Victoires.



The enclosed elevator brings visitors down to lower town in two minutes.



Looking up from the lower town, the Chateau towers high above everything.



Basse Ville

Youngsters play all over the streets in the crowded sections of the city in the lower town.





A few of the boys were whooping it up when the photographer came along and it looked like bloodshed for a while.



Gabriel Belanger, who runs a carpenter shop in Quebec, is the nephew of Leo and Joseph Labrecque of Biddeford.



The ferry keeps going back and forth across the river to Levis all day. Cars go on lower deck, passengers above.



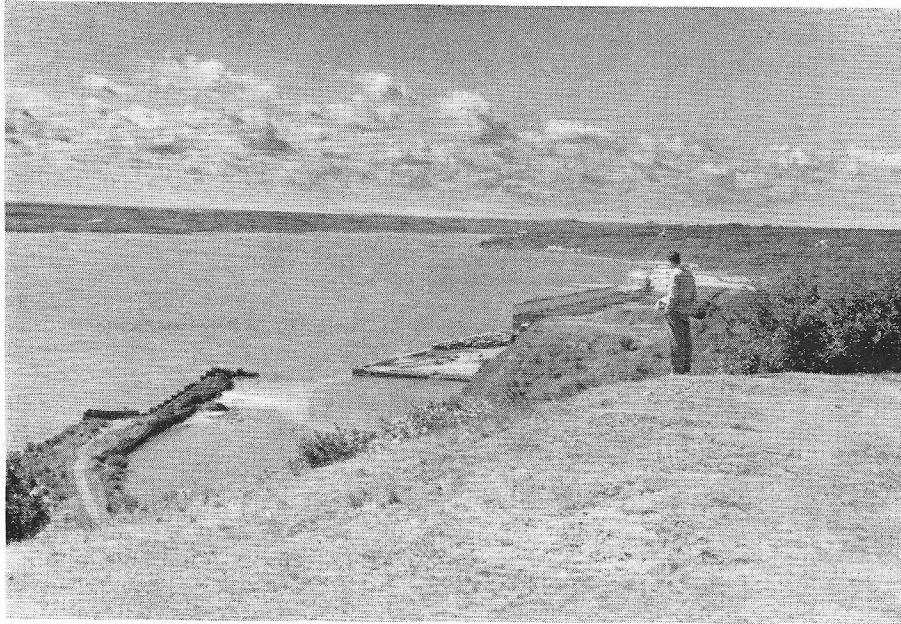
This open-air market was a busy place, and the buxom woman in the hat was bossing things in no uncertain terms.



The Hotel Louis XIV is in the lower town, just across the square from the church of Notre Dame des Victoires.



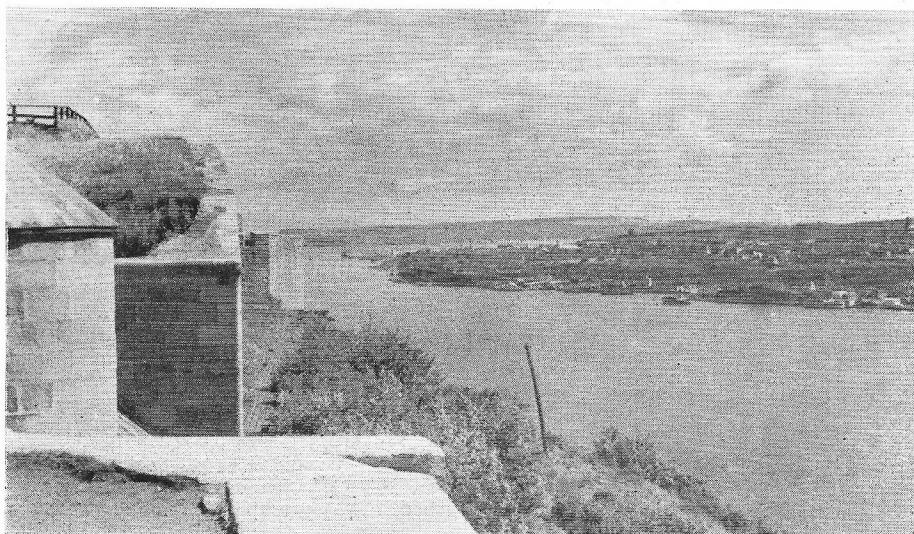
Visitors to the Chateau always stop to admire weavers busy at their hand looms in the lobby of the hotel.



Looking down from the Citadel over Wolfe's Cove. From there the British scaled the heights to the now famous battlefield of the Plains of Abraham.



Above, ferries shuttle back and forth. Below, a lingering last glance up the broad St. Lawrence, which early French settlers called, "Le chemin du Bon Dieu."



Right, one of the loveliest roadside chapels of the Province is this one by the river bank near Sainte Marie.

Back Cover. Landscapes like this one near Wottonville linger long in the memory of visitors to Quebec.

THE END OF OUR JOURNEY



